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Title: Gilform: A Chosen

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Gilform was the foremost authority on Gate travel and teleportation spells in the land. He had written many works including "The Definitive Gate" and "Gate Travel and the Modern World". He was most notably known for his achievement with local teleporters. The Moonglow town teleporters and the similar ones found in J'helom had baffled most modern mages for some time. Gilform was able to find out how they were crafted and duplicated them.

You can see some of his handiwork in the mage shop in Moonglow. The ill-conceived design of that building required some teleporters to ease the flow of shoppers. Also many other congested areas around the realm had called upon Gilform to implement similar local teleporters to make the common man's travels a bit easier.

Gilform had been studying the old texts on the creation of the local Moongates. They were permanent; their destination shifting with the phases of the twin moons that orbited Sosaria. He had tried every conceivable combination of Moongate magicks and Moonstones

he could muster and still  
he could not open a  
permanent gate. In fact  
he had injured himself in  
one attempt in which the  
gate opened and exploded  
in a burst of energy.

He began to open his  
texts again when he  
realized the lateness of  
the hour. Instead of  
continuing his studies, he  
headed to bed for a  
much needed rest. He  
quickly succumbed to sleep  
and began to dream.  
A clear night with a  
crisp wind blew across  
Gilforn's face. It was the  
Moonglow town center.  
The stars shone brightly  
only to be outshone by  
the twin full moons.

A  
wisp appeared and  
seemingly beckoned Gilforn  
forward. He followed.  
South through the metal  
gates down the road to  
the Moongate he followed  
the glowing Wisp. Then,  
quite suddenly, it was  
gone. The gate was  
somehow different looking.  
It pulsed with a different  
glow. One unlike any he  
had seen before. Almost  
unnoticed, darkness crept  
in all around and a  
chorus of voices spoke.  
"you have worked hard  
friend. your efforts will  
not be in vain. look upon  
the gate and see..."  
The wind whipped harder  
as Gilforn stared into  
the swirling gate.

"Who are you and why do  
you disrupt my dreams  
with this strange vision?"  
"we are wise. we seek to  
help."

"see what you have not

seen. find what you seek.  
we offer it freely."  
This stirred Gilforn from  
his gaze. Being ever the  
cynic, he responded,  
"Nothing is free. With  
what cost does this  
knowledge come, spirit?"  
"no cost to you, friend.  
no cost to you at all.  
look upon the gate and  
learn."

His eyes slowly returned  
their gaze to the strange  
gate swirling before him.  
Familiar symbols in  
bizarre combinations spun  
and twisted in before his  
eyes. "It is so clear, so  
simple, so wonderful."  
"we are glad. now step  
through the gate"  
Gilforn stepped forward  
and entered the gate.

He awoke violently.  
Shaking and covered in  
sweat, it took him  
several moments to  
compose himself. It was  
still dark, in the dead of  
the night. He was  
dreaming...a wisp...a  
gate...the gate! He leapt  
from his bed and hurried  
to his lab. His mind was  
ablaze with symbols and  
arcane words of magic.  
Hastily he grabbed at  
spell components from  
every corner of the  
room. A mild sort of  
madness had taken over.  
As he finished compiling  
his spell components he  
began to chant words he  
had never heard before,  
in a meter that was  
almost poetic.

"init kal vas gres  
trak sek-de ter-mer..  
re in ew tu-tim in-ten  
re grav beh  
i trak-por "  
At first nothing happened.  
Then in a flash the spell

components burst into a  
spike of energy  
illuminating the room, and  
the moonstone he had  
placed in the center of  
the other components  
sank into the ground.  
Half-blinded from the  
flash, Gilforn watched as  
a swirling gate appeared  
from the ground. It had  
the same strangeness  
about as the gate in his  
dream. He turned the  
hourglass.

Slowly he peered into the  
gate. He could not see  
what was beyond it. He  
waited. The sand dropped  
bit by bit at an almost  
maddeningly slow pace. He  
paced, always glancing  
back at the hourglass.

Finally the time had come  
for the gate to close. He  
stood bewildered. I was  
still open! He paced  
frantically, waiting. Could  
it be? Another hour  
passed and the gate still  
remained. It would seem  
that this gate was indeed  
going to remain. Now  
came the true test.

What happened upon  
walking through it? The  
other side could not be  
seen. This gate was  
murky. He paced some  
more. It was almost dawn.  
Should he wait and inform  
the Council of his  
discovery? He almost gave  
in to that thought, but  
his desire to know if it  
really worked drove him  
to step through gate.

There was no sensation.  
It was like any other  
gate he had ever taken  
in his lifetime. He  
appeared on the other  
side. He felt fine, but  
something was terribly  
wrong. This was not  
Felucca.

He stood next to a

ruined stone structure.  
At first he did not  
notice, but then it  
became very obvious. An  
ankh! Amidst the rubble  
was a large standing  
ankh. In front of it,  
buried under some debris,  
rested, to his unbelieving  
eyes, a Virtue Sigil. The  
scales : the Sigil of  
Justice. This was the  
Shrine of Justice? This  
looked nothing like the  
Shrine of Justice he  
knew.

This was amazing.  
He was overcome with  
excitement. Briefly, he  
realized that his gate  
might not remain forever.  
He turned and looked into  
the gate. He looked all  
around. He longed to  
explore but realized this  
was something he should  
report directly to the  
Council of Mages. With a  
tinge of regret he walked  
back through the gate  
and was back in his lab.  
The gate remained. It was  
near dawn as he gathered  
himself and headed off to  
awaken Anon and speak of  
his grand discovery.  
In the blackest part of  
the Void, three figures  
grinned darkly. It had  
begun.